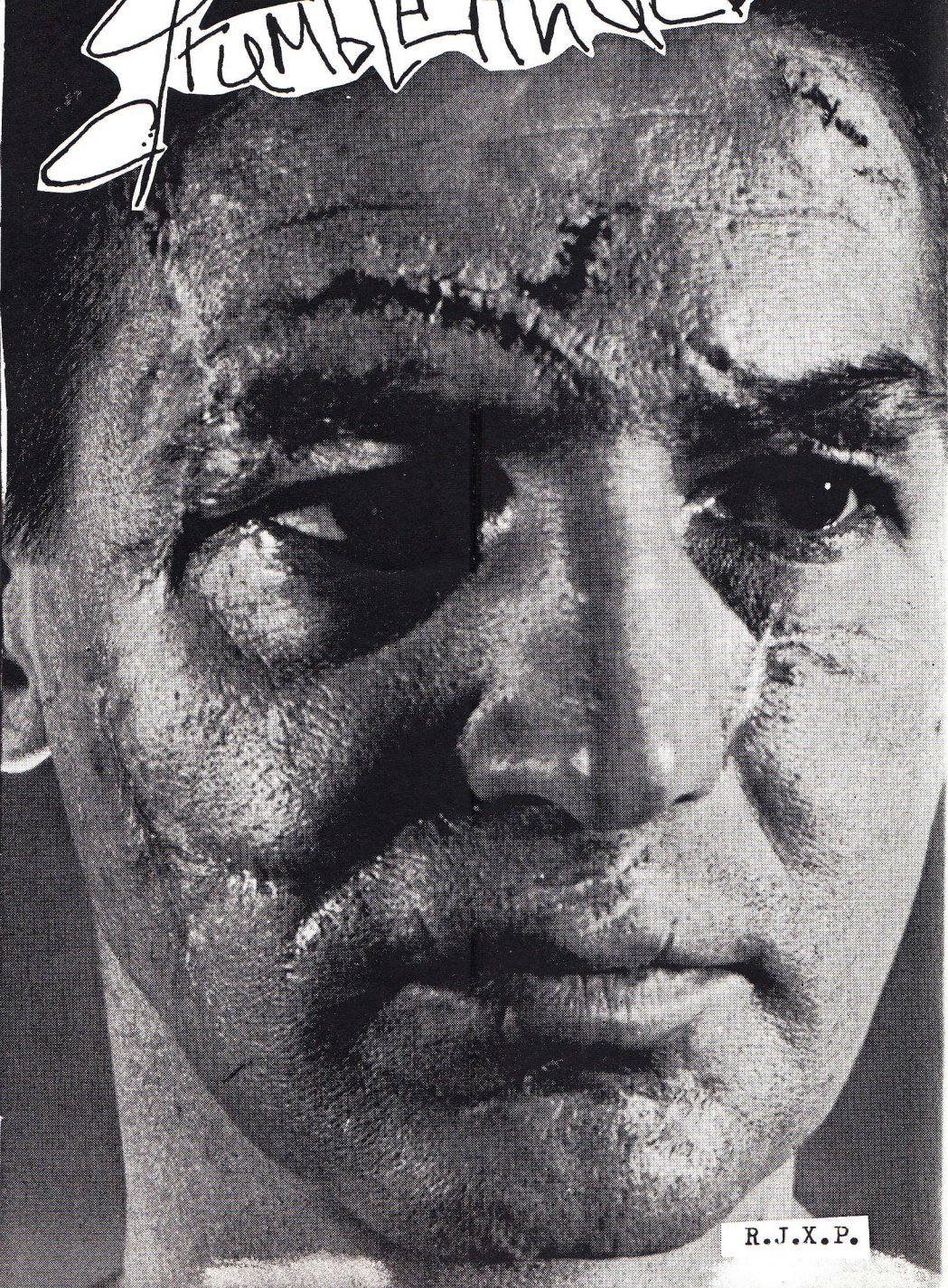


Stumblethru



R.J.X.P.

My boy... we with Shaft! He's
not g... es the '70s Shaft
movies... Roundtree.
The other... ved him
and he use... ine, "I
know it bab... ke it
off imm... in ba
him. He sa... Dolem
therapy and... d by b
Dolemite mo... sh
get back toget... ha
him. What

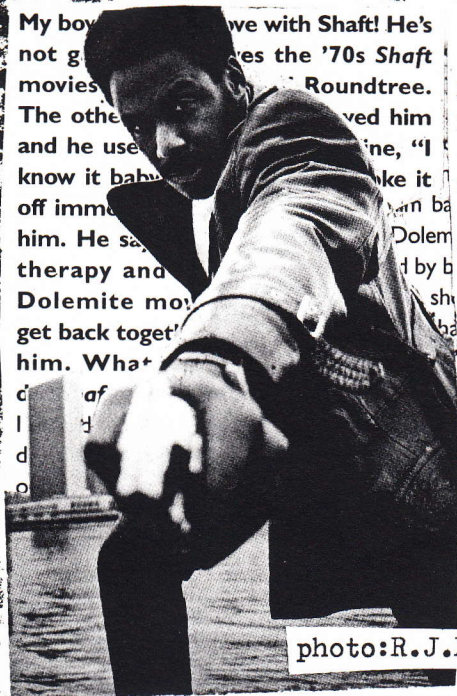


photo:R.J.X.P as R.Roundtree in BAD TASTE.

this time.

Reverend John Xerxes crept
into the shrine ALONE, final-
izing thee Master's Plan.

Clockwerk ticks the vestral
cycle to full rosey-red climax.
"Everything comes full circle,"
she purred edging closer.
move on, citizen.

dedicated to georges ivanovitch
gurdjieff and the War against
Sleep. never again.
another confrontation in the
ongoing Kulture War. consume
degenerative art. smabh.
its more than a lifestyle,
its a fad!

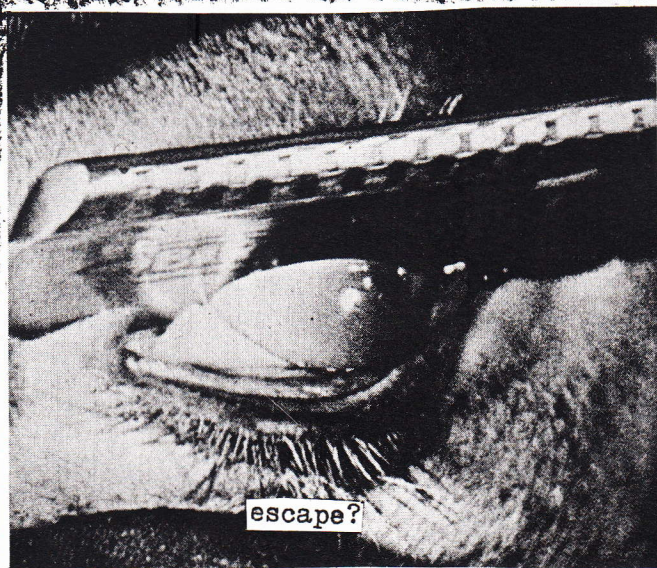
MURREN VERRUCTERKERL #00013. Vollig frei but send some
stamps, danke. This is the end of the grumblefuck saga.

"All men are mad in some way or the other and inasmuch
as you deal discreetly with your madmen, so deal with
God's madmen, too - THE REST OF THE WORLD."

- Doctor Van Hesling, 1892.

can we ever be freed?

LOVE BUNNI'
Lighter Fluid
fuel of the
Revolution.
2622 PRINCETON
ROAD CLEVELAND
HEIGHTS OHIO
4b4u1r1n8
ask for Ross.



escape?

THE BURDEN OF SONG

here we go again. guttural growls and blow-up dolls. greasy hair and itchy skin. loose static wire and the bubbling face of god. giggling screeching and cat hair lips. sunny insomnia that drains the night away. burning without flame, exploding without noise. lou reed got off the streets by killing the city's babies. empty glass bottle shards and paper clip wads of rubber cement. blurry-eyed express, destination destruction. tearing here and cutting there, a trail of scarred flesh and paper. rubbing alcohol and quick burning perfume. love stains the grit covered carpet. random and repetitive arrangement of imprints stolen from other's burning. broken teeth bite upon the cold metal cap. wanderings about the parking lots and explorations of their boiler rooms. crackeling chain dance, freedom for an hour. babbling impishevoices demoningly hunting down the morning. doggedly shielding the imposition of duty and running to lance the rustic boil. jauntice definace of the cunning grub. luddite dreamers cog sinister plans of device. weeping oil into teflon toilet paper. torpedo advances while running in place. thumping leather-clad hallucinations bleeding virginity of all its holy virtue. brambling insurgent visions make-believe incoherency. vain crimes ludicrously ignored.

I got nothing I'd rather be doing.

HE MAKES HIMSELF STRONG BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY EXPERIMENTING WITH NEW DRUGS WHICH WILL INCREASE HIS ENERGY.

RATHER THAN REPLENISH THE ENERGY HE DOES NOT SHARE WITH OTHER MEN.





GUTEN TAG...the compromise

The city's night drips in through the swinging door, the city's humidity rips at the still born circulation of conditioned air that hovers inches off my sleep-greased skin. Maxwell Saint Kegglogg attempts to position himself across the coffee scarred orange table top, one leg oozing up to his chest as his mammoth body swims back and forth within his painfully tight checkered polyester shirt. His thin blueish tie freckled with bits of turkeyloaf and soot seems pitifully out of place among all that confined sweltering pink flesh. It was 3:25 ante meridiem when I was called away from my aimless subconscious jaunt through a maze of symbolic implication. Maxwell had urgently telephoned to inform me that I was expected. So now I haunch over a shellacked doughnut and a bubbling paper cup loaded with some sort of dark caffeinated liquid. again I run my twitching hand through a clump of sweat positioned on my head as hair, my stomach is revolting for sovereignty, my brain is calling for an end. I bite down hard upon the rock of a pastry as Kegglogg begins his mid-morning address...

"I don't know where to begin. Really. Should I begin with a statement of purpose? a list of definitions? a table of contents? an outline of designated enemies? The problem is that I am overwhelmed by the struggle. Every step is a total and complete battle, every inch I felt I gained must be recaptured the moment after I felt I received it. I grow increasingly tired at having to constantly begin again at the beginning. This is, though, the nature of the struggle. We allow ourselves to be manipulated. We allow ourselves to accept the 'dumb' routine from people who should know better. We allow ourselves to speak in terms that do not fully describe our feelings and situations simply if someone seems to understand those terms. We allow ourselves to miscommunicate and distort our thoughts simply for understanding, for implied in 'understanding'

is acceptance. But how can we expect our ideas to be accepted when we have distorted them for 'understanding'? So we feel alien. We never feel understood. Our ideas remain nebulous as even WE begin to lose comprehension of what we speak.

"Compromises have been made, you will say they are unavoidable. But it is these very compromises that lead to the building up of this impenetrable wall of misunderstanding based on convoluted definitions which stand in our way. There are no definitions that are not relative. There are no terms that everyone agrees upon. To some degree this is a positive phenomenon for it allows individual subcultures to reapportionate words for their own autonomous usage, but monadual use remains hidden in the superfluous. This allows the larger culture the freedom to re-incorporate the sanctity of the new definition at any time it is necessary, thereby diffusing any threatening autonomous potential once and for all (examples: rad, not!, kosher, grundle, et al). The compromise of language incorporates all definitions as equally valid. This validity allows two individuals to begin a discussion together about any topic without granting them any security that they will both talking about the same thing. For this reason great valleys of misunderstanding arise, once definitional misunderstanding is illuminated somewhere in the course of the discussion, compensation occurs as one of the individuals compromises to accept the definition of the other. This occurs instantaneously and without much resistance or real thought on the behalf of the compromising individual. What happens when the compromising individual forfeits all the ideas, points, and arguments that were once so dear to communicate? The discussion drops a level as one individual steps mentally to the side, personal involvement and excitement are eliminated. It appears easier to compromise than to stop the conversation cold and quibble over a silly definitional disagreement. This oppresses the discussion and free-exchange of ideas. This compromise, in fact, annihilates such concepts.

"Varying definitions also lead to a lessening of ideas, especially radical, subversive, or innovative ones for their very nature is to challenge the status quo by pushing the limits of an idea's exteme. In many instances, even re-writing the definitions based on a whole new vocabulary created as buttresses. These radical innovations will eventually be incorporated into the larger vocabulary via many channels; if the subculture forces the new vocabulary in (scientific/medical communities have great successes), if the subculture poses a potential market place whereby

the new vocabulary is sold to the larger culture as well as re-sold to the originators, or if the subculture exists for a long enough period of time its vocabulary will eventually seep into the larger culture. There exists a layering of language as more and more uses are grafted to the existing roots. The language will become more nebulous and convoluted until such a time when we will speak to one another only in qualifications of definitional terms. There will be no discourse except on the clarification of detailed definitions.

"I suppose that you will point out the fact that all expression is a compromise for the communicator is limiting herself to the tools available and her skill in manipulating those chosen tools. An example being, the painter whose vision is limited by - the consistency and pliability of her paint; the size, texture, and relationship between her surface and her paint; her own artistic ability; and finally her own biased interpretation of that specific vision. Once these original tools of channeling are manipulated by the artist, the message embodied in the artwork is subject to further limitations such as availability of viewing space and possibly viewers, bad lighting, etc ad nauseam. This limitation process breeds possibilities for miscommunication, for communication depends upon the transfer of ideas via channels which are in turn received by another individual (whether alone or in a mass) who then has free reign to interpret that message as filtered by the channel. The possibilities for distortion, disruption, and misperception all factor into the reception of any message. Plus the individual receptor brings to the equation all of their own experiences, knowledge, and prejudices. So that even if the skill of tool manipulation and the possibility for channel distortion are completely eliminated, the individual receptor remains biased or worse - without the knowledge to facilitate understanding - that message is doomed to misunderstanding. There is absolutely no escape from this system of channel limitation, for even our own thought processes are burned into this system of 'understanding'. We cannot even escape into our own minds, therefore there exists NO ESCAPE."

"The very fact that I submit myself to the burden of communication via any methodology implies that I am accepting the bane of the compromise and the weight of channel distortion. Which I am, fully. Yet, there must be a means to lessen the profundity of these two obstacles, for it seems to me that this underlying compromise maintains the systems of oppression that weigh so heavily upon us. It would appear that we will never truly maintain any sort

of freedom because the very means of human communication is based upon an interplay between mastery, submission, distortion, and manipulation. I am by no means implying that we cease attempting communication for the sake of autonomy, yet we must be aware of the inherent consequences of our attempts. It seems that to shoot for autonomy via any channel of communication undermines that very goal. Maybe we should stop trying to communicate (implied compromise) autonomy? So where does this leave me? Should I begin at all?"

He paused to catch up to the breath that had just gotten away from him. He brought from the table top a crum-caked napkin to the wide surface of his forehead which was riddled by numerous interweaving tributaries of sweat freely flowing from the damply matted foliage of his hair line. Gently, he dabbed, soaking up his body's fluids while depositing a distinct occupation of broken doughnut and ash along the sticky enormity of his wrinkled sweltering brow. He swabbed the now dripping grey piece of softened paper down the facade of his stoney face, finally reaching the swollen white chapped surface of his lips. A good sized chunk of food (sadly enough not a bit of just eaten doughnut) fell with an awkward crackle, first onto the gentle sloping incline of Kegglogg's massive chest; polyester being a very slick fabric coupled with the angle of trajectory afforded the freed little ball of dried food a continued journey. Being of a good consistency and round enough around the edges, our adventuresome little bit built up quite a nice rolling speed so that at the joining of prefabricated fabric and prefabricated wood our little bit leaped, in a heroic show of self-determination, assuring its destiny as proud inhabitant in the land of the table top. I watched wearily bemused, our little bit's 10 second journey as the oblivious Kegglogg fumbled about trying to locate his deliquent lighter. A massive deep-bellied sigh indicated to the world that Mount Saint Kegglogg had once again settled itself down.





EAT YOUR
CHILDREN.

~~ANTI-FAIR~~

There won't be another From the Diane Files. There will be no volume two. So stop asking. Stop telling me how I should really do another one. The whole reason why I did Diane seems unfathomable to most of you. You don't seem to get the larger joke, the one that overshadows the pitiful desperation of those poor lonely bastards that spilled their guts out to a total stranger who had a nice name. In fact I respect them more than I respect those of you who are simply laughing. You seem to miss the joke that is being leveled at you, the Zine Consumer, in fact you seem down-right oblivious to its implications.

The reasons behind Diane are simple. The first and most obvious one, is the fact that I wanted to document the amount of desperation felt by the punk rock community (mainly the males). The correspondence network in the underground has become a sort of alternative personals section. True, I am discounting some of the more positive letters I received from individuals who actually wanted to trade information

about the destruction and subversion of society rather than exchange sexual innuendo based on their favorite band names; but those letters were few and paled in the glimmering light generated from all that gushing male angst. I wanted to document for the world the inane levels of discourse (pesudo-pick up lines) that are being aimed as if this one letter might land some frustrated lonely male out there in Punkland USA a date or more hopefully the always coveted 'relationship'. The idea for Diane sprung from observation of my own behaviors, I found myself sweating over long



painfully desperate letters to any individual whose name sounded the least bit feminine. Drawing on this absurdity, I came up with the idea of trying to relate to the female experience in the hope that I may gain some insight into the other side of my desperation. The easiest way

to achieve this was to pretend I was a woman and solicit mail. I would be receiving uncensored mail written to a female and thereby be allowed a scant glimpse into the female experience. I became a woman through the mail.

Well, the ploy worked. Most people fell for it hook line and sinker. But as I said before, I didn't do this simply to expose the pitiful hurting that exists out there but also to expose the deeper assumptions that produce that hurting. This is where I lose most of the Television Babies, who now flip channels in the eternal quest for the next vicarious high, I didn't do



Diane as a prank. Diane is more than a document of insight. Diane was and is a battle. One that I personally won. I have learned that the only valid reason to produce is in the hope that in the process of production I will be challenged into moving along. That I will be changed (illuminated) through the act of production. Diane has exposed to me a whole new theater of operations that needs my attention in my Kulture War. Diane was the first battle in my war within the Hetrosexual Matrix. Diane was not a total victory,



for way too many people are simply laughing. Diane has helped me change my behavior to be more conscious of the way I interact with individuals of the same or different

genders. Yet Diane has also helped me to understand the tremendous amount of dismanteling that needs to be done before we can claim any sort of sexual freedom or cultural autonomy. Our sex must be destroyed. I am far from complete, in fact I am only in the throes of beginning.

I can not justify in any way, repeating. Why should we as a supposed alternative underground or subversive movement want to see more of the same? It should be the other way around, you people should be threatening me if I wanted to do another one. Instead you passively fall into the trap of the consumer, demanding more of the

familiar product. You expect (and demand) a sequel. I refuse to buy into that mode of oppression. I refuse to submit to the publishing game. I will not be pigeon-holed by any format, title, market audience, or image. I will constantly try to destroy what I have just created. I will continue to challenge myself into progression. I will not imply that what I am doing is in any way 'cutting Edge' or even worth your time, be-

cause I am not really doing this for you. The production of zines (printed material) has become intergral in the formulation of understanding in my own existence. My zines are a sort of travel log of where I am headed and where I have been, for that very reason repetition seems impossible.

I feel really shitty that all this needed to be said to you. But now you know where my head is at. Can I get an AMEN?

REQUIEM FOR THE SCUMFUCK BARD

G.G. Allin is finally dead. Although, I had been expecting this day to arrive for some time now, I must admit that I am rather disappointed. Disappointed because G.G. had been beaten by the 'System', his life goal had been perverted by the distraction of The Man. G.G. became entangled in a complicated and nebulous web of social jurisprudence and malevolence. What once was a derelict scumfuck suddenly became another numbered victim in The Man's Culture War. Had G.G. been left to his own devices (and implied his own autonomy of self-creation) he would

have self-destructed leaving behind a legacy of punk rock folklore which would have facilitated the deepening of the punk rock community's sense of identity outside the rotting corpse of the mainstream cultural leviathan. Another notch would have been scratched into the punk totem pole, to have known about, hung out with, or seen in performance would have connoted a sort of brand which assured secret knowledge and subversive experience within the underground culture. G.G. Allin would have been our scumfuck bard who lived his life

and died his death in the sewers and ally ways of the underground.

But G.G. was stolen from us, he was assimilated into the larger popular culture where, although he illicitd more of a direct (directed) response, he was nothing more than a sideshow freak (the Elephant Man displayed). G.G. was shocking the wrong people. The Squares didn't need nor understand the essence of G.G. Allin, for



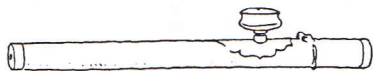
they are incapable of escaping their t.v. generated reality. They saw only a criminal. They only saw a dirtbag rapist. They only saw a drug addicted pervet. They only saw, without any sort of empathy or remorse. And they saw only one solution, assimilation by rehabilitation of the prodigal citizen. So they locked up the criminal. Forced psychoanalyzation of the motivations of the perverted rapist. Tried to

reform the drug addict. They bruised G.G.'s sober eye like no punk could ever have. They forced G.G. to speak in their tongue and to think in their tv generated terms. G.G.'s confinement in the belly of the beast lead to a refocused attack, he turned his sights away from the only thing he truly controlled (his person) to that which he had no control over (society/culture). G.G. lost the power that he held, he became just another depersonalized number and just another disenfranchised minority 'fighting the system.'

What G.G. proved was that to 'fight the system' by accepting the terms of that system and work within its context one has already surrendered all means of effectively threatening that system. G.G. lost his autonomous reality by assuming a label that was understood (safe) by the system he was railing against. Moreso, the label (rocknroll criminal/dissident) he accepted was designed by that system to check and undermine all his potential threatening possiblity by lumping into a stereotyped forgone conculsion (ie his drug overdose death). Thereby, G.G. is easily dismissed by the culture and judicial system only achieving parole under pressure of a hungar strike (can we punks really believe

that our bard who subsisted on nothing but jack daniels and pills be on a hungar strike?).

G.G. could have beat the system and remained a via-



ble force in the underground had he done two things. One gone the way of Manson and claim to actually want to be in prison for a true misfit of society would fail to feel the constraints of the society's penalties. Also would not a true scumfuck enjoy the libertine society of prison? Free food, a bed every night, sex and drugs, brawls and beatings, and home tattoos - what more could a scumfuck ask for? Second, once he did make parole kill himself the next night on stage in the most voilent andsubversive manner imaginable. For G.G.'s real power and appeal came in this : his total will to self-annihilation. Before he bought into the system's definition (labeling), he had only one goal - to kill himself and maybe you in a concert setting. In the meantime, he would devastate his body through progressive drug abuse, decadent sexual activity, and flat out self-mulitiation. G.G. had tapped into the true meaning of subversive power, he was a threat simply because he would stick a drum stick up his bleeding ass while hanging

from the celing pissing on you while you threw beer bottles at his head. He was not a citizen in any political state nor a part-



icipant in any social organization. He had stepped outside our society by living towards and for his own destruction. Crime personified. Had he finalized his life in a punk rock bloodbath he would have attained an existence above and beyond the rest of us. He would have brought about the advent of the Overmann.

But his mission changed once incarceration, he pushed the self-annihilation behind a war on the cultural system that had put him in prison. In his mind he was in jail for his rock and roll, his art. Ironically, that is excatly what he foresake by picking up the colors of a culture war. So he is dead of a drug overdose in a NYC apartment. There is no autonomy nor rebellion in his death now. No glory, no purpose. He has become just another cultural cliché in the mythos of popular culture, his fated message will forever remain : ASSIMILATION.

story is true

names changed to
protect the grotesque.

The chipped colonial brown bed frame rocked violently back and forth under the terrific strain produced by the gruesome sexual gyrations of its inhabitants. Unlike normal human beings, the two copulous creatures entwined in love making, were gross deformations - sheer profanity to the creation they lived amongst. The male was a baby-faced 20 year old, whose failure at mental comprehension was made up for by his monstrous body weight. Not to imply that he was grossly mishapen, for his fat was not the flabber-blubbering kind that simply oozes out of control so that the bearer loses all semblance of recognition. R.'s body resembled a pear with legs, a tiny head set atop a giant sloping chest emptying quickly onto a vast stomach which tapered immediately at the advent of stubby thigh. R.'s great body was pocked with thousands of little pimples, holes, and other unsightly blemishes which he attempted to cover up with the delicate placement of garments and loud boisterous verbal assualts. Along with his constantly running stream of aimless spoken venom, R. emitted several horrific stanches



from all specific orifices; his belching generated the worst vomitous oder followed by his flatulence accredited for steaming the interior windows of an automobile during the winter. Apart from his orificial transgressions, R.'s whole body constantly smelled like an undercooked meatball or



three day old Roman Burger. Personality-wise, R. exhibited all the classic behaviors of a racist, wife-beater, and general malcontent with tendencies toward physical

violence provoked by verbal dissatisfaction. He had dropped out of high school twice and could not hold a job due to a combined lack of maturity and a failure

to contain his quick temper. R. lived in a run down filthy house owned by and filled with his family's maternal side, present at any given time were his Grandmother, his Mother, one or both of his Aunts, and his younger half brother. Family life was alcoholic chaos devoid of any sort of functioning center. The house itself was a cesspool of smears, dried bits of food, rotten smells, and neglectful corrosion. Dirt grime filled the house and



spilled into the yard, the many family cars, and the people who lived in or around the house. Every suburban street has at least one such house inhabited by one such family.

Despite all his shortcomings, R. maintained a steady and somewhat unaccounted for string of sexual relationships. Most sighted R.' smooth deliverance of pick-up lines or

his impeccable choice of only the most expensive (if unwashed) style of dress. R. was a generous sort who could be funny and amusingly charming in most social settings. Of course, his charm and apparent social prowess did not woo all the women, only a select few to be exact. Women such as Pat Pattie. Pattie resembled one of Willy Wonka's Oompa Lumpas with the slight exception that her skin was not blue but orange due to the over-indulgence of her tanning bed. She covered up her peeling, burnt skin with too much make-up, concentrated in a thick facial base and too much dark eye liner. Her style of dress and accessory

strove to meet with contemporary fashion trends but came off looking cheap and frumpy simultaneously. Her hair was dyed and frizzled while her nails were gaudily pressed on and poorly painted. She was four years older than R., an advantage not only in age but sexual experience as well. Pattie was the girl that everyone had some sex story about. Much delight was extracted from the torment inflicted upon R. by the constant re-tellings and elaborate exaggerations. For instance, two of R.'s acquaintances tell a tale of how one drunken night while shooting pool down in the basement when who should stagger down the stairs but Pattie.

Drunker and hornier than both of them, she begged them to fuck her. Neither one wanting to do so in front of the other, they suggested instead that she be penetrated by a beer bottle. She giddily agreed. Another tale told by R.'s best friend, Quincy, relates how days before R. asked Pattie to marry him, Quincy received fellatio in a bathroom stall from Pattie. Shooting his fuck into her hair, right before she had to go back to work, he'll laugh. The stories accumulate around boredom, perpetuated by gossiping embellishment. Judge them as you will.

R.'s room must be described so that one may realize the total disgusting experience. The room itself was no larger than five paces by ten paces. Carpeted in a green fur which had suffered many long years of horrible mistreatment evidenced by the burns, stains, and lumps of hardened goo stuck to its fibers.

The yellowing walls were plastered with flyers for punk shows, posters of professional wrestlers, and majick marker graffitti seemingly written by a third

grader. There stood the bed, a rusted mattress wrapped in greyish linen, both disgustingly discolored from hygienal neglect. Sitting at the head of the bed and slightly to the right was a night stand containing bubble gum wrappers, a flahing alarm clock, and cheap photograph frames housing wrinkled pictures of R.'s old girlfriends. A stereo and a small comfy chair were draped in dis-guarded t-shirts, pants, and undergarments. Placed reverently in front of a television was the coveted Nintendo unit. There sat

rounding pornography by reading some of the suggested books on the resource panel, subscribing to periodicals published by anti-porn organiza-

also in front of the television a plaid love seat of sorts, badly wounded and bleeding whitish stuffing. Papers, records, wads of gunk cluttered the small space adding to the ambiance of grimey disarray. Illumination came from one overhead light and two windows, while ventilation was nonexistent as the aromas generated by R. and his loved ones lingered, all but oppressing the mood.

Around 6:32 p.m. on the evening of July 20th, 1991, Pattie arrived at R.'s house unexpectedly. She had been greeted by the slobbering little monster, R.'s half brother. Upon entering the house the matriarch, perched in front of the television eating a microwaved pot pie belched out a mumbled greeting before howling out one of the slurs that doubled for R.'s Christian name. Pattie climbed the brown frayed carpeted steps

alone, careful not to stumble upon the torn-loose fabric. She entered R.'s bedroom, content to wait reclining upon his damp un-made bed. R. entered, he had been in the shower. He was wrapped in an inky towel, his enormous body still riddled with tiny beads of water.

"OOH Baby, you're so cute when your wet," she croaked much to his surprise.

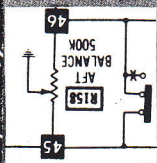
"Suck my dick, bee-itch," R. mocked ghetto-ly. He closed the chipped, sticker scarred door. Prancing toward the bed, rubbing his belly, uttering some sort of nonsensical noise caused Pattie's girlish giggle into full-fledged laughter. He fell heavily upon the bed, almost on top of yet barely next to Pattie. He began to kiss, violently, the laughing mouth of his girlfriend.

This enthralled her as she began to lose her breath to the hysterical guffawing. His hands worked feverishly to try to get Pattie's blouse unbuttoned. Her arms snaked around his pimply neck, her stubby callous ridden hands massaging his



dripping wet hair. R. managed to mount the sprawling form of his fully clothed mate, she gave him tacit permission by spreading her bruised legs and edging up against the wall to reinforce her level of incline. R. had opened the front of Pattie's red

western blouse but was now faced with the struggle against the black push-up bra. Pattie had not stopped her breathless giggling, tears welling at corners of her eyes she wiped them away with a quick brush from the back of her hand. Unable to unhitch her breast constraint, R. had simply yanked the bra down exposing the mammary flesh, with a slight utterance he



buried his face into them. Her head hit the wooden back board with a thunk, reacting to the nibbling bites inflicted by R.'s crooked teeth as well as the uncomfortable tickling caused by the long stubble on his upper lip.

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EVALUATE your exposure to media (magazines, TV shows, rock music) with inappropriate sexual themes. Set a positive example for your children and take time to discuss these stories, programs, and songs with them.

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"Held on...Held on," she squirmed to free herself from the imposition of his large belly. She managed to stand so that she could undress herself properly. Looking down upon the slumping naked bulk of her present malformed lover, she was again overwhelmed by the sheer absurdity of her sexual situation. She broke out again into a slobbering laugh. She adeptly unhooked her askewed bra and flung it to the floor. Her jeans smoothly slipped into a

pile upon the decaying carpet. Her red stained underwear remained stoutly in place. There was little need to encourage penetration just yet. R. had oozed onto his back, his hands firmly laced

arrogantly behind his tiny little head. He was cat-calling like a street crooner. "where's a good

condom?" she blithered hoping that he had one that was still in the factory's wrapper. R. pointed to the table that held the Nintendo unit in front of the television. In the process of attaining the prophylactic she also procured from her purse a large white dildo. She had come prepared to play one of her favorite games.

Slinking up to R.'s crotch, Pattie licked his loose inner thigh leaving a slimey trail of saliva. She took great caution when

licking his skin, careful to avoid the few stubbling hairs and the occasional mole. Finally hovering her

enormous mouth over the tiny blud swollen penis head. She blew at it mockingly from her controlled distance before lowering the edge of the plastic condom over the pulsating tip. His penis was the reddest she had ever encountered, maybe the brightness was simply accentuated by the sheer albatross of the rest of his body. The sight caused her to chuckle further. He panted for her to swallow his member, he begged that she at least touch him. She flicked a batting forefinger at the erect pretrusion causing him to groan in pain. Pattie then rolled off of him, so that she was leaning between the

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wall and R.'s bulk. "I have an idea, darling," she purred circling her press-on nail around his nipple.



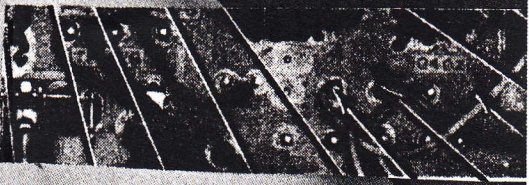
"Lift up your leg...here put it on my sholder," she instructed sliding down so his uplifted leg could rest upon her back. She was positioned on all fours, her head inches away from his gentilia. "Turn to your right just a bit," she commanded slapping his inner thigh. He did as he had been

instructed, Pattie swallowed as much of the beat-up dildo as she could before gagging, hoping to sufficiently lubricate it. With the quickness and agility of a professional, she slid the large plastic shaft in to the exposed anal opening of R. who grunted but made no attempt at resistance. As a reward, Pattie took in to her mouth the wrapped prick. After a few quickened twirls of her tongue she expected the lathery explosion of semen. Much to her delight, R. exhibited some self-control. In truth, he was much too surprised with the new sensations caused by the pressure in his rectum to realize that he was receiving oral stimulation. Pattie, hoping her luck to hold out ripped off her underwear shouting for R. "fuck me NOW!"

Awakened by the demand, R. rolled over onto her. Mounting her with little precaution, he fell into almost immediate greasy orgasm. R. shook violently flushing, his whole body becoming a tart burning red. He fell onto the floor as the dwarfed dildo popped from his overbearing butt.



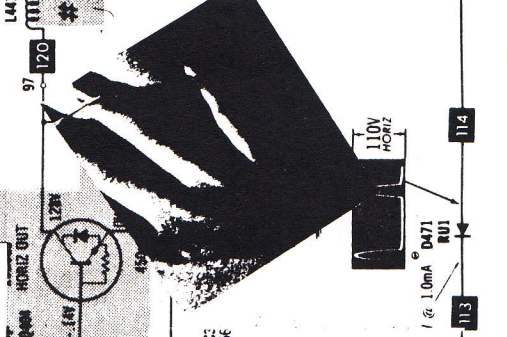
He sat there on the floor sweatingly panting for relief. Pattie stared hopelessly at the crumbling ceiling, trying to figure out what went wrong this time, her hands falling naturally into comfortable masturbatory positions. She came within



minutes, gently smiling to herself.

Less than a half an hour later there came a knock upon the door. R. threw on a ratty red striped bath robe as Pattie pulled on her jeans and refastened her bra. Enter Lennid, Josef and Xavier - three of R.'s friends who dropped by to satisfy their Nintendo fix. Lennid and Josef without even a pleasantry lunged at the couch in front of their

REPORT pornographic material received in the mail to your postmaster and request federal agents take action.



at the top of his lungs the following chant, "She put this up my ass as we fucked!" Repulsion sent Xavier reeling from the room while Lennid and Josef played their video games completely unaware. A few weeks later R. would be in the hands of the authorities after threatening to kill Pattie and "rape her corpse." She feared or loathed him enough to call the law and press charges but the is another story...

ASPHALT PEBBLES

The Dream

my homemade monsters taunt me with expected jaunting jeers. she will call out my name, drawing her breath from deep within, drawing upon our shared past, the fucked up past, vaguely unanswered I sit holding the shards of hope, looking at my bleeding wounds of patience, repeated promises of expectation haunt me as she continues to rave about her new dress, sitting behind me, she turns to leave my ear, the words pass through the air, when do we fuck? (shocked) I read the words, nearly quipped, upon the torn white sheet, understanding but forgetting quickly the message conveyed, yet I am overjoyed by this new frightening turn of events so I try to smile, forgetting that I can no longer bring about such masking, facial configurations since I purged them all for the sake of truth, the desk I occupy is too small, I no longer fit, I will try to escape, her face reflects a scornful smirk, she loves me, it hits me hard, can you fall down the stairs of acceptance, lost to the moment, the car I now drive drains past the abandoned forgotten buildings, shadows drift by obscuring the view of the road ahead, the movement of the car increases, I am lost in the hatred of control, I am lost behind the veil of intense numbness that accompanies this muted relaxation, she loves me, yet refuses to be with me, her blonde hair hangs over her bent hovering head, her legs dig heavy into mine, stiffly pierce the weight descend upon my groin, her long arms, tightly, the mattress underneath us, her breath, her breath, the wakefulness of it all reminds me, the playground, like a vermeer, repulses the little child whose tiny hand tightly grips to mine, the child pleads to be taken home, any home, this place is bad, but never does he shed a tear, trepidation broods me forward, refusal of this justifies my denial of this places torturous purpose, the chain-link fence slides to one side so as to admit us, the child full of piss and vinegar, breaks free from his hold on my hand, swiftly running down the brown dirt path, past the buckeye tree and the elephant doors, again I am alone, looking for my escaped cat, chasing her thru the murky streets of Paris, near the Gare du Nord station, down Rue Lamartine and across Lafayette, the exposed patches of tan mud and asphalt pebbles cause me to stumble, falling onto the slippery street, ripping my jeans, caressed by the faint misty rain, I somehow manage to remain only a few feet behind the scurrying hinds of my little kitty, looking up, past the magazine merchants and the decaying piles of wood and plumbing, I realize that the cat will return home so I must follow her, I have lost my way, I expect a knock upon the door, the park, by the urine fountain sit two old street men, one with tremendous scars holds a greasy paper bag full of goop, while the skinny one chumps noisily upon a ham n cheese sandwich, the older one vips out to me as I wander past, c'mere sun, I wanna sew yousom thing, standing before him, watching them examine me, the one eating the sandwich, shakes the lice from his matted head, the older one rubs his hands together, they know why I stumble about the god-faring city night, they go as far as sympathize with this unending search, the great alienation, they greet with a humble smile, the older one grabbing his scars shouts at the sky, head upturned, SHE PUTS US ALL HERE, offering me a swig of his goop, I sit down between them, later one will ask for forgiveness, while the other will taunt for salvation, neither was capable of granting at that time, here or there, no matter, absurdly opens my bedroom door, shattering my painted sleepscape with a shrill ringing...

°TIME TO GO TO WORK.°

ASPHALT PEBBLES





The Führer has recognized the importance of cinema. Where else in the world have the film's inherent potentialities to act as the chronicler and interpreter of contemporary events been recognized in so far-sighted a manner? . . .

That the Führer has raised film-making to a position of such pre-eminence testifies to his prophetic awareness of the unrealized suggestive power of this art form. One is familiar with documentaries. Governments have ordered them and political parties have used them for their ends. But the belief that a true and genuinely powerful national experience can be kindled through the medium of film, this belief originated in Germany.¹⁴



I lie?

6 Your boyfriend is really affectionate when the two of you are alone, but he ignores you in public. You:

14 About how much time do you spend in the morning doing your hair and your makeup?

I was using outdated techniques

revealing and concealing the

fluid sheaths with back-baring

Keep Your Finger Clean

"A horrible thing to do to women!" he exclaimed, and relieved, I gave up this infernal device forever.

produced by lenny
kravitz

love

bunni

press

● Sometimes on my way to work, I imagine myself making love to an attractive person of the opposite sex.

2 You've just broken up with Sam the Prom King. Your first thought is:

5 You're out with a new guy, and the conversation turns to music. Every band he loves, you can't stand. You:

Why
Like?

Sexual attraction is necessary

You may find yourself in a sexual situation with a most unlikely person. This could be someone you stood next to in the elevator, or an acquaintance you do not overtly desire.

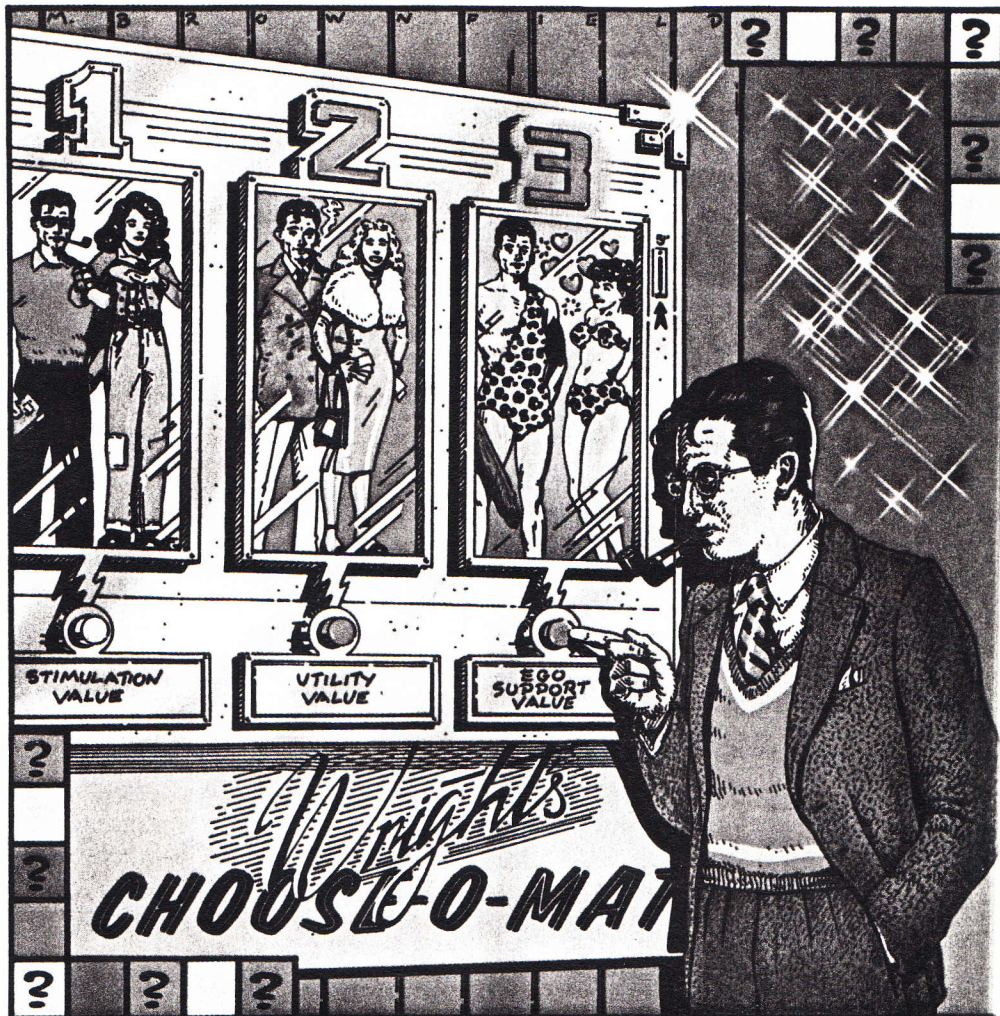
She can call me everyday. She can go to sleep with my name on her lips. Her thoughts can be devoted to me. She can go insane over all this. As could I.

My stomach drops out, my eyes blur as they slowly lose focus and begin to roll about, my mouth is filled with potential shit. Imposition of regulated responses, I fall to the floor in the hope that they will just leave me alone. No such luck, kiddo. The fact that you react in such a violent manner maybe indictative of a potential abnormality. Have you prayed for FORGIVENESS, son?

Flashes of relationship, commitment, and sexual positions blink by as she walks past. Reminders of the shakles that were tightly fastened the first time I withdrew from the belly of a woman. There is no logistical escape, I am bombarded constantly. All this amounts to an incredible pressure which I wish only to deny. Denial in the hope that I may find freedom outside their maze of airbrushed photographs, surgically altered figures, and pumped up muscles. But outside Their maze I only stumble into denser, more confusing mazes full of crueller and less discreet advances of vanity, attraction, and domination. Exposing proudly your self-inflicted scars does not amount to liberation. Scars are scars no matter who put them upon you. Your nipple ring is no less a sexual mask (fad), than the muscle head's tight abs or the fluff chick's satellite hair-do. There is no liberation in adopting one form of sexual bravado for another, you offer no no alternative!

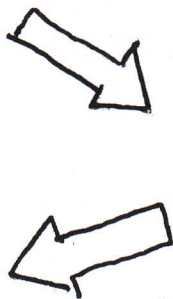
The idea behind make-up and beauty treatment is to emphasize some of the ways—fuller lips, narrower eyebrows, a softer complexion

sexual stimuli. Most of these features are biologically based, but others are socially determined. For instance we regard long fingernails as a sexy feminine characteristic even though,



The sweet lingering smell of hand lotion haunts me, if Orgone exists, this is how I would want to be able to interact with it. As passing glances caught walking down the stairs or while eating ice cream from a coffee cup. Fleeting reminders of time well spent maybe an hour ago.

I have met our Enemy upon Its own turff. I have been kicked, shoved, and generally ignored by the Beautifuls. I have noticed you, huddled in the corner, wearing too much make-up and baggy clothes; praying that They will not treat you the same. I have watched the forced smiles as They walk past you. I have watched you belittle your own intellect to make Them feel more comfortable around you. I have watched you sacrifice your comfort for Theirs. The dirty bastards hold this power because They smell nice, move correctly, and generally look the part. I don't hate them because They are beautiful, in fact I



don't hate Them. I hate, rather, the Power They wield which degrades us into loathing and doubting ourselves. Into doubting our own worth by By setting the standard - which They don't even live up to, we are tricked into doubting our own worth. I refuse to apologize for any aspect of my appearance. I refuse to ignore or excuse my bodily functions for the sake of social niceties. I refuse to purchase Their systematized illusion of perfect pleasure. The screaming orgasm of pornographic sex displaces the natural absurdity of unchoreographed sexual fumbling, the fact that the latter is the Reality only serves to further deepen our expected disappointment, anxiety, and loathing. Forget the Beautifuls and Their plastic Barbie and Ken sexual universe! Their domination is useless in the face of my absurd realities.

I have allowed reduction. I have allowed enslavement to my lustful imagination. I have fallen under the pageantry of "infatuation." I have allowed for the weak-



ness to creep back in. Dragging behind its overwhelming arrival, the corpse of strained possibility. The rotting festering corpse of Classical Romantic Love. As for Her, the woman objectified upon the pedestal, I will work for her quick release from this terrible conceptual confinement of which she is only minutely aware. I will viciously fight with the monstrous rosey visions of her that my sickly twisted mind concocts against even my own wildest desires. I will do dilligent battle with my vague hope that there rests somewhere in these elaborate fantasies the mechanism for the manifestation of this unconditioned desire. I will wallow alone in the terrible shackles which bind me to the sexual awkwardness that inhibits human interaction. I will engage the enemy that whispers into my ear that she might "be mine." For you see, I recognize the distance created by the arrogant assumptions inherent in sexual attraction/expectation. I understand that to allow these feelings enables alienation. I fight to bridge these gaps. In the rare instance that I might someday overcome my demons of sexual attraction and upon confronting this internal source of anxious infatuation which conditions my paralyzed inaction; I will simply shake its hand firmly - - possibly asking it to a late lunch. Until then I pray forgiveness.

Walking about this maze I have encountered as many different opinions as to what the root problem is and what needs to be done about it, as I have encountered struggling individuals. I realize that I am holder of any sort of truth, nor are they. I realize that even though we are all wandering about the same maze, bumping into tha same walled barriers, we are not in here together. Appearences aside, it occurred to me that one

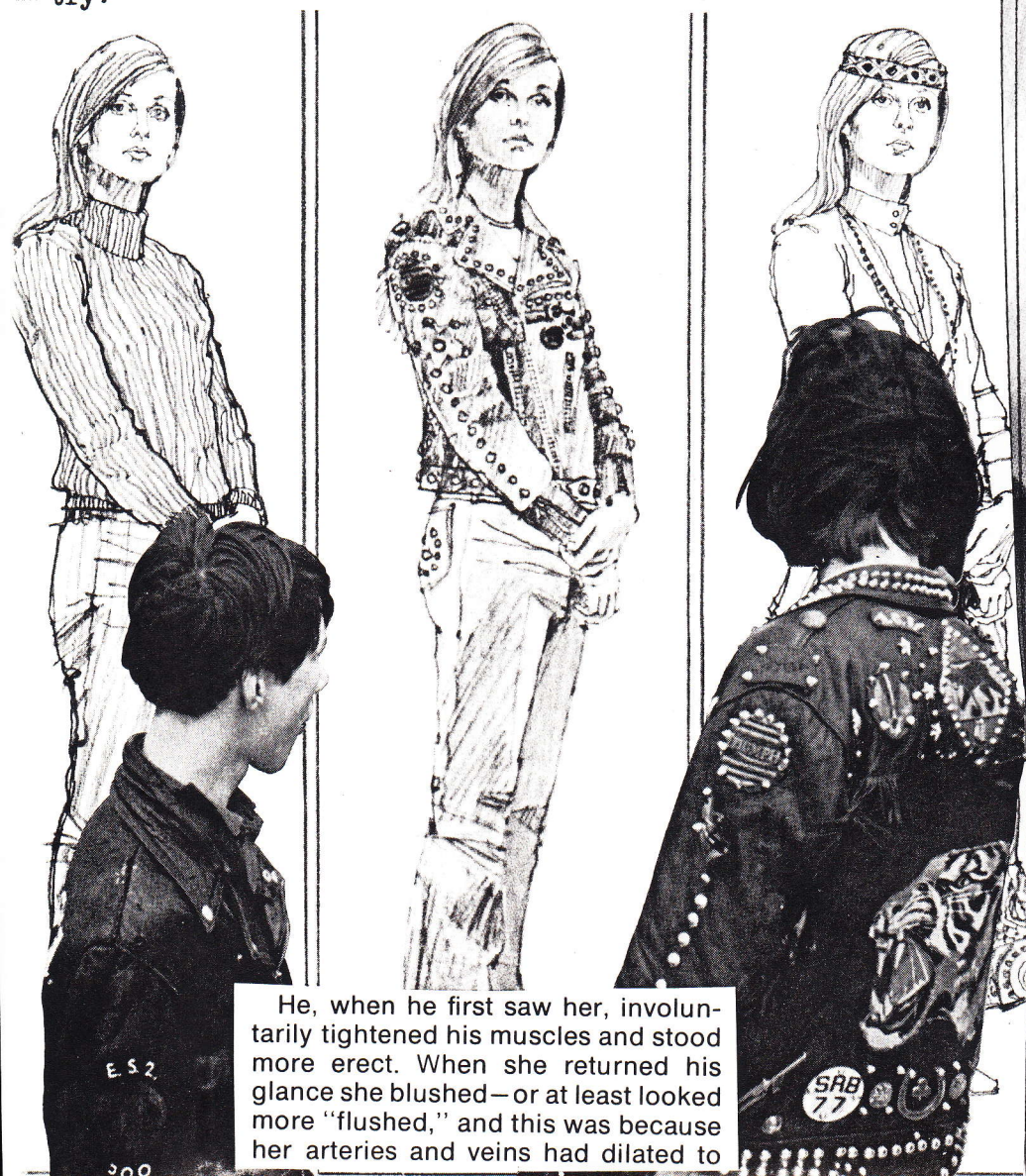
WHAT MEN IMAGINE WOMEN

ADMIRE (left)	%
Muscular chest and shoulders	21
Muscular arms	18
Penis (as suggested by tight trousers)	15
Tallness	13
Flat stomach	9
Slimness	7
Hair (texture, not length)	4
Buttocks	4
Eyes	4
Long legs	3
Neck	2

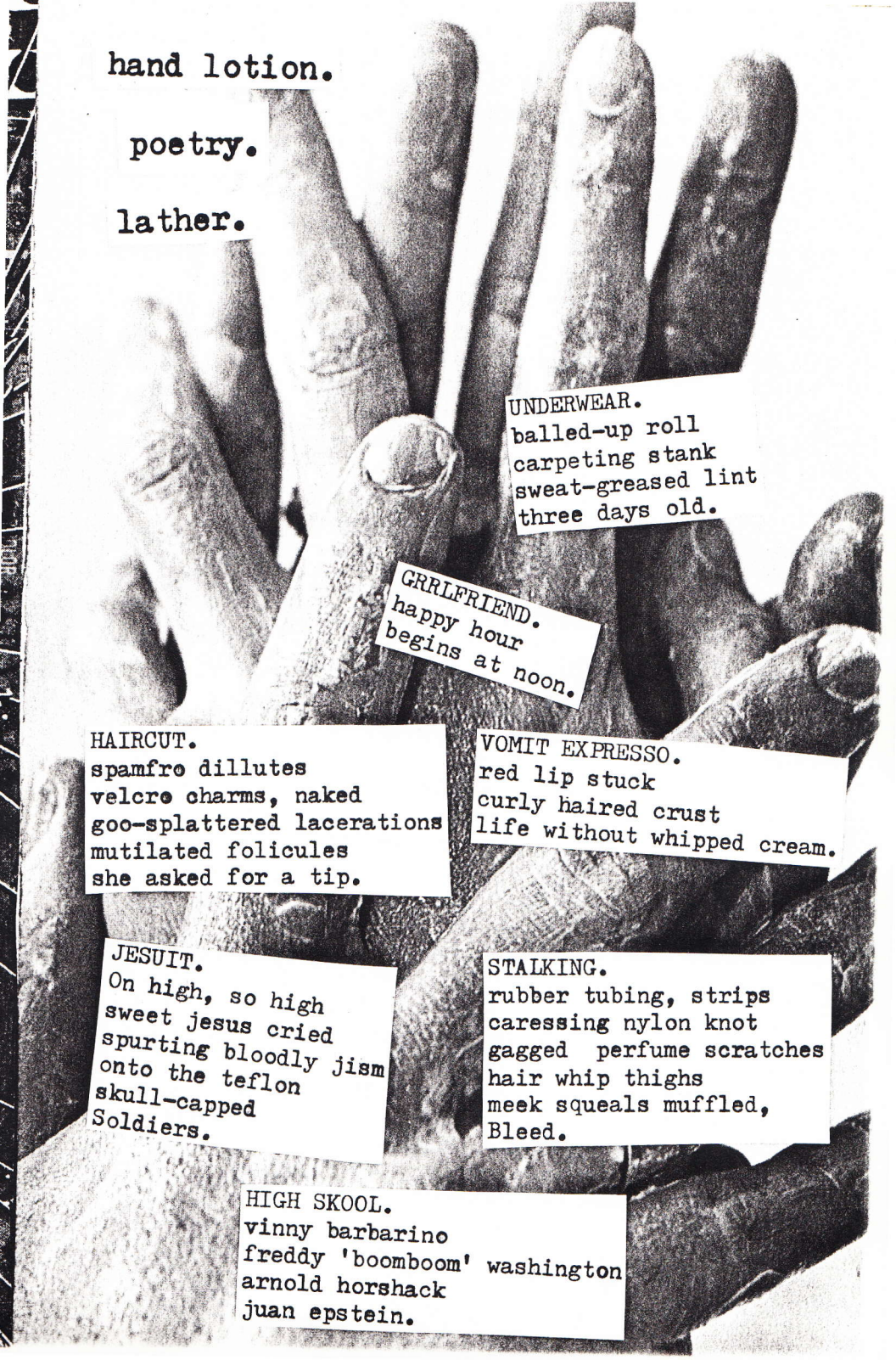
WHAT WOMEN REALLY

ADMIRE (right)	%
Buttocks (usually described by women as "small and sexy")	39
Slimness	15
Flat stomach	13
Eyes	11
Long legs	6
Tallness	5
Hair	5
Neck	3
Penis	2
Muscular chest and shoulders	1
Muscular arms	0

of the great devices of this maze is the illusion of cohesion. The perception that since we are all trapped we should or would work together to devise a defense or plan for escape, is nothing more than that, a perception. How can we work together? The ultimate goal of this maze is isolation with the expectation of a coupling relationship. The contradiction - to be "together" we must/want to be "alone." I'll refuse to offer you a helping hand, simply because of the expectation that I shouldn't. Can I contract the contradiction of expectation with a contradiction? Do I really want to try?



He, when he first saw her, involuntarily tightened his muscles and stood more erect. When she returned his glance she blushed—or at least looked more “flushed,” and this was because her arteries and veins had dilated to



hand lotion.

poetry.

lather.

UNDERWEAR.

balled-up roll
carpeting stank
sweat-greased lint
three days old.

GRRLFRIEND.
happy hour
begins at noon.

HAIRCUT.

spamfro dillutes
velcro charms, naked
goo-splattered lacerations
mutilated follicles
she asked for a tip.

VOMIT EXPRESSO.

red lip stuck
curly haired crust
life without whipped cream.

JESUIT.

On high, so high
sweet jesus cried
spurting bloody jism
onto the teflon
skull-capped
Soldiers.


STALKING.

rubber tubing, strips
caressing nylon knot
gagged perfume scratches
hair whip thighs
meek squeals muffled,
Bleed.

HIGH SKOOL.

vinny barbarino
freddy 'boomboom' washington
arnold horshack
juan epstein.

To begin with, I have never in my entire life consumed any recreational drugs (ie alcohol, marijuhuana, lsd, etc). Strange, I realize and most people don't believe me. Regardless, I have always hung around drug users in all their bizarre incarnations and I have always been outside their immediate circles. When they are using I see them between tokes and when they are recovering I see them between meetings. So as friends and acquaintances pulled themselves through the drifting drug sub-culture, I maintained a safe voyeuristic distance which allowed me to draw wide-sweeping conclusions from sober observations. The arrogance of my own non-involvement lead to a firming up of these observations into full fledged beliefs. Confidence in my ability toward total acceptance and complete tolerance was ripe for the peaking. The danger of observation is comfort. Comfort, not only in the distance that separates you from those you watch, but comfort in your role as observer. The latter leads to judgement calls which, however they choose to manifest themselves, are the most deadly of traps. For it



THEE STRUGGLE :
wah - wah.

is at that precise moment when I felt the most assuredness in my own comfortable roles and developed attitudes that the forces I so dutifully considered reached out to drag me in. With the utterance of a few frightfully typical words, my little sister was transformed into a self-professed drug addict. Her transformation mutated the whole of reality around her. That moment was not as lucid as others that would follow, yet I realized then that I was no longer a mere self-styled spectator but a labeled participant. Herein lies the root of my struggle, for I cannot seem to rectify the Law which now governs my family's "recovery" with the Law that governs me. Let me try to explain.

There are purveyors of contempory thought that would maintain that the drug culture is a viable alternative to the mainstream cultre's heavy handed indoctrinations. The drug culture, they will propoort, offers an individual the ability to expand his own mental horizons by opening the doors within his mind. The drug culture is more tolerant on account of this mind expansion, of various life style choices for the drug culture itself is a definite life style alternative. The drug culture, they will finally

point out, is a freedom based movement, meaning that drugs are one way to escape the oppression of mainstream culture (ie the 9 to 5 grind, family vacations, materialism). While these critics bring out some of the positives of the drug culture, they tend to over-glamourize the movement that they themselves are usually active members of. These thinkers are most often arguing a defense aimed at the very squares that they suggest they are freed from dealing with. I fail to see how at this point in Modern History that anyone could claim that drug use constitutes any sort of alternative choice. The drug culture has long since become a staple in our modern mythology. It is uncommon to discover any artist, politician, or historical figure that did not dabble in some sort of drug usage. We all would be hard pressed to name ten individuals we know that do (or did) not consume some drug on a regular basis. In addition, "stoners" are one of the more grotesque high school phenomena, more easily pin-pointed than any other high school sub-grouping. What am I getting at? That



the drug sub-culture has developed into a pivotal mass movement, an incorporated system that is contradictory to the freedom many profess it offers them. Drug use has developed expectations, attitudes, and behaviors (therefore its own Law).

These regulatory aspects of the drug culture lend themselves to predictability which is in turn manipulated by the mainstream culture and society in its own quest for maintenance. Our present society puts a great deal of stock in the existence of the drug culture, in fact society is its controlling interest. Abstractly and theoretically, I concluded awhile ago that the drug culture was the major foil for the definition of "normalcy". For it is the existence of the drug dealer that supports the Law Enforcement drug task forces' existence. It is the drug addict who supports the rehabilitation clinics and their staff. It is the criminality of drug use that supports judges, their courts, and their jails. There is a tremendous amount of societal interest vested in the drug culture. In fact, right now the treatment centers are pushing to further legitimize that reliance by the convincing medical argument that drug use is an addiction,

not just a lifestyle but an actual illness that needs to be cured. When this gains wide spread public acceptance, there will never be any hope of separating the drug culture from the devices of the larger society.

I suppose the squares are asking who would want such a separation? Haven't I already admitted that the drug culture is not any sort of alternative sub-culture but an actual system of control (implied stasis and oppression). Haven't I already written off drug use as a viable escape from mainstream culture? Yes, and I will go one step further. I will propert that to enter into the drug culture is one of the stupidest decisions that you might ever make. For once you have agreed to the drug culture's Laws, you have surrendered all control over to the more totalitarian Laws of mainstream culture. You have agreed to let yourself be become a labeled pawn assuming your role as Cog in the Machine of Society. You are accepting the whole mud slide of labels, assumptions, and generalized behavioral patterns which reduce your "individuality" beyond recognition.

From personal experience I can tell you the trauma of drug use is imposed upon it by the forces railing against it. It is often the case that definitions are handed to us and accepted without much ado. Yet, if one examines the motivations behind the definitional fromation, one discovers a specific adgenda sublety manifest. This is defintely the case with drug rehabilitation. Allow me to illustrate from personal experience, in order to help cure my sister the treatment center felt the need to indoctrinate and incorporate the whole family into the recovery process. This tatic is not all that surprising for behavior is more easily changed (and controlled) when the enviroment is sympathic. Plus the treatment center realizes the need to get everyone working from the same definitions and toward the same goal. My sister's language has changed to reflect the new system that she is emeshed in. In order to ease her transition into this new system it is

imperative to totally submerge her within that system -- get her home enviroment to reflect, understand, and talk in the same language and effectively "work" the same progom.

So part of her initial treatment consists of an intensive "family week" in which the family core is indoctrinated into the recovery process. My sister's label is easy to discern for she is The Addict, although she may hold other titles as well. Our labels are not as easy to come by. They begin by doing a family history chart, this is a chart of family abuse for it seems that addiction follows a pattern of inheritance. If no one in the immediate family is a

drug addict (user), maybe they are a product of such a family (adult child of an alcoholic) or at least the product of an abusive situation. We were quickly taught that there are many many forms of addiction, illness and abuse. There is the "Enabler" who actively works (consciously or unconsciously) to empower the little addict to continue their using behavior. There is the "Co-dependent" whose moods, attitudes, and behaviors are dictated by the (in)actions of another, usually the little addict. Then there is the infamous "Dysfunctional" label, which apart from its varying pop definitions means in our context "living with anger" and not dealing with it appropriately. There are also various sanctioned addictions such as food, sex, television, and overwork, to name but a few. The other vital aspect of this new recovery system is the incessant discussion of "feelings", getting in touch with our personal moods and emotions by verbally expressing them at all times. Feedback is important so that each individual begins to hear as well as utilize their new vocabulary. The sense is that great truths are being confronted as the shrouds of deceptive abuse are peeled away. But at that point it is sheer revelation without the ability to fully act upon these revelations.

Examination of one's interactions with others and one's own behaviors can be a positive process, especially when that process leads to individual self-creation. And I am not arguing against those aspects of this "recovery" process, what disturbs me is the methodology. As I have just described to you the process they proposit is one of grotesque rhetoric, by pigeonholing everyone and their behaviors into neat little definitions, they are in fact creating the illness that they claim to be curing. The way I look at it, if my behaviors and roles within a specific situation can be so clearly identified and I can be so easily lumped in with so many other families, then am I not just "normal?" Meaning that nowadays EVERYONE is suffering from some social illness, some dysfunction, surviving some abusive situation; it appears that our definition of sickness has begun to encroach upon the definition of "healthy" ("normal"). I realize that the treatment centers and those recovering will argue that all illness is somewhat uniform in its manifest symptoms and fairly widespread, right? But these are not "diseases" per se', the drug culture is a social phenomenon in which the individuals choose to enter freely, it may be self-destructive but I will not call self-destruction an illness. Not while we are living in any sort of organized political state, submitting to the prostitution of our

time, or worshipping an unyielding diety.

The danger of all this, that once again we are allowing ourselves to accept and act upon definitions that we have no generational control over nor much understanding of their implications. Can this trepidation I feel really overshadow my sister wanting to "clean up" her life? I doubt it, because in the long run I support her in her efforts. Yet I see this new wave of illness(dysfunction) as just another introduction of a new social control mechanism. Usually, the state powerbrokers wanting to distract, manipulate, or simply paralyze the population will introduce some new form of religion. In Sixth century Japan, the Soga family attempted to use Buddahism as a means of securing their political power. In the United States as we speak, Louis Farakhan is manipulating Mulsim rhetoric to gain political power. The list is long. Is it possible that this new "recovery" movement that is pushing for the further legitimatization of social "dieases" is just a hidden tool of control? I fear it to be on the istitutional level. There is too much vested intrest, too many pay checks doled out based on this expanding network. We may all be living poorly, even toward self-destruction, but that does not mean we are all sick.

As I said eariler the trauma of drug addiction recovery is imposed upon it by those who are combating it. Society effectively is telling us that certain behaviors are unhealthy, destructive, and anti-social; and instructing us how to change those attributes so that we may better function (fit) within their society. The crux of my struggle remains one of rectification. How do I support my sister and my family when I can not accept either alternative of drug use or drug recovery?

My answer so far has been one of distance. To speak in the depersonal language of bloody economics, I have begun a process of divestment. My behavior would be classsified as surpression of anger as a result of headstrong commitment to denial as a means of muting the pain of mourning that accompanies this loss/recovery process. Fleeing is a common response. The language of the dead seeks my inclusion. But through the isolation awarded by that "denying" distance, I have come to develop a theory which makes me very happy and this whole complicated mess much easier to live through. The theory is as follows : Much like the wonderful sword and sandal flicks that mutilate Greek myth, I envision my life as a great mythic journey - much like Jason, Hercules, or Percules. Through the course of this journey I am placed

into situations by the great white council of Immortals, who lounge around a big bird bath filled with watery smoke watching my strugglings with great amusement and merriment. They concoct interesting situations to place me in by creating great insurmountable obstacles then awarding me a smattering of mysteriously petty gifts. I am, thereby, nothing more than a plaything, a pawn (albeit with some limited self-determination based in wit, cunning, and improvisational skills). Upon this realization I found great release, for if my struggles are nothing more than an afternoon's enjoyment for a group of bored Immortals, then my life is a meaningless, yet extremely amusing game. My struggling self-import plays out solely for the humorous entertainment for the gods. Why should I, then, not also be amused? I found that to realize and accept this game/journey allowed me "in" on THE great cosmic joke. The wonderful absurdity of mortal existence, hidden by our conspiratorial brotherhoods and secret societies, is nothing more than this - life is a struggle with absurdity unto death. I can now step to one side in laughing acceptance, if not downright admiration, when I am confronted by a new confoundingly terrible/perplexing situation. I have now the eyes to appreciate the brilliance of the whole shabang. I respect my life even more, for I am now AWARE of its real intent. I am constantly entertained by the moment's struggle. Where did this come from? A whole year of eating shit, being pounded to a pulp by the forces of love and frustration, by watching closely the development of diaster and liberation - I could give you concrete examples but why further burden this essay with complicating anecdotal circumstance? Look to your own life and the bizarre mixture of gifts and curses, find your own links between those precious moments of failure and success that creates the wonderful absurdity of acceptance. So where does this leave us? Here I have presented a wonderfully inept article telling you things you already knew about the controlling aspects of drug rehab, only to wrap the whole ridiculous rant with a discussion of mythological game playing and personal liberation. Sadly enough, this ridiculous paragraph is really the most important, for this profound revelation has freed me from the regrets of past and the disappointing expectations of the future, so that I may BE present in the moment. NewAge gaga? or coming of the Ubermensch? maybe both, more likely neither. SOMEONE PLEASE HOLD ME...



contrition

I am a voyeur. I am a skirt chaser. I am only after one thing. I am disinterested in you. I am uninteresting. I am smooth. I am a player. I am your sugardaddy. I am long and large. I am looking down your blouse and up your skirt. I am all hands. I am an exhibitionist.

I am the man your mother warned you about. I am a wife-beater. I am sitting too close to you on the bus. I am following you around. I am leering at you. I am standing too close to you. I am brushing up against you. I am coping a feel. I am asking you if you've got a boyfriend. I am constantly calling. I am immune to your hints. I am speaking to your chest. I am telling you my life story. I am looking to be mothered. I am looking for that perfect 'relationship'. I am shouting lewd comments as you walk by. I am sure that you want me. I am laughing at you for no

reason. I am convinced you're just being coy. I am a stud. I am a real man. I am drunk and drooling all over you. I am engaging you in a pornographic discourse at work. I am sure you're playing hard to get. I am abusing my position of authority. I am frustrated. I am vile.

I am insulting. I am immature. I am embarrassing you in public. I am leading you around by your hand. I am asking you to watch my coat at a show. I am treating you as a child.

I am unfair. I am not listening to you when you speak to me. I am looking at other women while I am out with you. I am talking only about myself. I am presumptuous. I am constantly interrupting you. I am masturbating thinking of you under me. I am rolling over and going to sleep. I am ignorant. I am a rapist. I am a pervert. I am a molester. I am a sadist. I am a misogynist. I am a murderer. I am a pig. I am a pig. and the sad thing is...

I AM NOT ALONE

SANCTUM

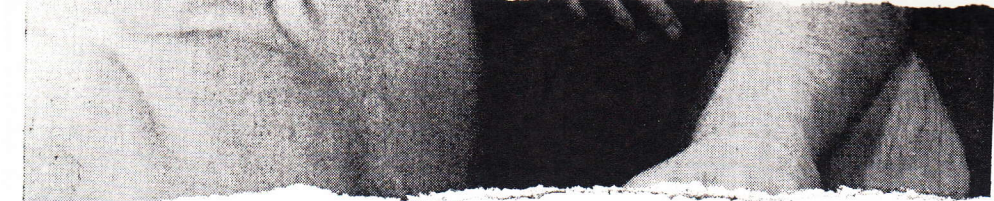
Divinity crept up from behind, grabbing the Steward's neck with both claws. Its tendrils interlaced creating a strangling death grip from which no single mortal has ever escaped. Meanwhile, on the boat, Her Majesty fiddled with the engine. The Jester flipped tarot cards off the starboard bow, each card gliding smoothly away, caught by the gentle proddings of the murky river's current. The Crowley-white moon sagged along its thin celestial string, illuminating this morose festival mutedly celebrating among God's riotous landscape. His Majesty, restless in his sleeping embrace, rolled to his left side bumping his head. The Giant, well, the Giant continued his strenuous survey...

Ignot grinned, "I stood before THE LAW. I called upon the gate. I demanded an audience. I was answered by monolithic silence. Dead weights were attached to each of

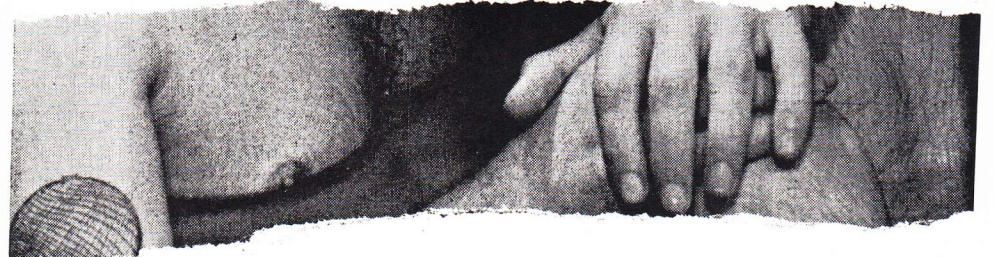
or war more than
self. Here is a thing which
happened, which is happening so regular-
ly, so naturally, and always so intensely—
yet people still refuse to consider it part
of human nature. It may be that at some
time man will lose all his aggressiveness,
rip off all his clothes, and spend his day
dragging pot and sticking his finger in
his navel. The day of Hippie Heaven and
Universal Love may come, but when the
do, man will no longer be man but some
thing else.

About the time you are reading this
you be either dead or mangled in Nam.

my limbs. I was sent on my way." Jacob frowned, "It is not surprising that the greatest humor is oft enshrouded in the elaborate vestments of a terrible setback. I speak of the disasters, the devastating plagues, and the barbarous slaughter of the blessed innocents NOT as grave tragedy but as enlightenment. Liberation is not enjoyment of the pain, NO, liberation as embracing the ludicrousness of the struggling suffering." Both men held their ballies as they heartily laughed.





Her Majesty reeled back, having stopped a large wooden projectile with the breadth of her mid-section. The Jester, astonished at this unexpected wounding, fired a few arbitrary rounds into the density of God's creation. Her Majesty bled as she had never bled before. A wild shattering cry flung out from behind the green curtain of God's noble jungle as a barrage of wooden rain soaked the little boat. Under cover, the Giant held the Jester close to his chest. His Majesty undisturbed, drooled onto the large feather pillow that cradled his small head. The divine carcass of the Steward was set aflame and tossed out onto the sandy carpet of the shore. The attack subsided as silently as it had begun. The Giant emerged, head first. After shaking the hot night air through his sweat-mopped hair, repositioned himself at his post, so



as continue his dilligent watch. "Nothing will be done," he was heard to whisper in his best argot.


Diane walked by. Jason's eyes never subsided in their desperate attempt at devouring her. Harry stood up from the shellaced bench patting himself down, "Damn it." The mall was crowded for a sunny Saturday afternoon. Christmas vaction summoned all the flown away spirits of academia, dragged back under pretense of celebration to haunt the graveyard of home. The mall was crowded for a sunny Saturday afternoon. Jason looked up at the groping Harry, white tube of rolled tobacco dangling from the dry surface of his smooth lower lip. "Did you see that





shit?" Jason oegled. "...my...lighter?" brooded a befuddled Harry. "She really was incredible," Jason drooled reaching his hand into his denim coat. The cigarette dropped from glistening orifice to polished concrete floor, "...Fuck," Harry squatted down to pick it up. In standing, Harry bumped into Jason's outstretched arm. Jason handed Harry a shiny zippo, "...my Lighter!?"


Her Majesty's body lightly floated in the glimmering pool of her own spilled blood. The moonlight cast a reflected white halo around the outline of her grimacing, twisted corpse. The stank of the Steward's burning flesh hung nauseating God's heaven. The Jester, having run out



earlier, several hundred
highlands of Peru. Five
was in early September, in the
ately an accident.
called a landing but more ap-
ing to take place there should-
sions. I thought that whatever
and

of tarot cards, leaned over the bow, dangling from his parted lips a long string of spittle which he would suck back the split second before his fluid joined with God's. The Giant shifted his mammoth weight from one leg to the other - engaged in a slow dance of nervous boredom. The Giant, at first quietly but gradually growing in volume and depth of resonance, began to moo like a hefer. The Jester, smilingly, began imitating a lamb. His Majesty lifted his leg so as to better position his slumbering fart.

Diane kissed me on my lips, and I don't mean my mouth. I was surprised to say the least and truthfully it kinda was uncomfortable. But since I know that she loves me I simply smiled. You think maybe I shoulda sighed or done something sexy? Anyway, we are now going "steady" which, I think is pretty neat. In a weird way I feel "normal" for



the first time since I was a very small girl, well small enough to be able to stay home all day watching television with gross Auntie Mildred and spend the rest of the time messing with my brother's Star Wars figures. That was the best time, before I was taught only to color within the lines and not to pick at my underwear, even if it did ride all the way up. She tells me I'm too pretty for that flowered dress you sent me, but sometimes, if we go dancing or out to a show I'll put it on, even though she frowns whenever I do and sometimes won't even hang around me all night, but I don't really mind because SHE always, always, all ways makes up. Which is good, even though I feel sorta bad at having manipulated her like that, but what am I supposed to do? Conform to her every whim? Not that she's asking me to, but, well, you know...

The little boat swayed uneasily balanced on the edge of the pebble embankment, green water gently licking its sea scratched planks. The little boat would survive, of course, no question about that. In fact one could very well stumble over it, still remarkably preserved, in the daily course of one's extensive explorations. Yet one might also wonder, years later, snugly nestled in that comfy red velvet armchair, what indeed became of those others - you remember the dozing old King, the broodingly protectionist Giant, and the doting imbecilic Jester? Well, maddness, sheer maddness. Maddnes unto death. Could there be any other civilized explanation? Should there be?

Ignot smiled, "Before the Law...there stood...I before the Law...there was...before...the...(whispering)...LAW...before...(laughs)...before...there...(coughs)...there am I." Jacob grinned, "Perfume your flesh old man, a pity for you to go off to meet your death with such a rotten smell." Ignot teary-eyed, "But this stank, that gutter-retched sickening stench, this ghoulishly fuming oder is all that I am. Nausea is my only authentic defense, my only valid plea. Please..." Jacob frowned, "Nuts. (waving his hands in the air) Move ahead citizen." Each old man bowed as he walked past the other.

Salvation comes as we devour our worms. I bid you a good morning.



MANIFESTO

• Surveillance

AS

ART

immediately become aware of the fact that while the profanely grotesque might be the quickest means to authentic repulsion, such tactics usually draw more unwarranted and less patient

STEP ONE :

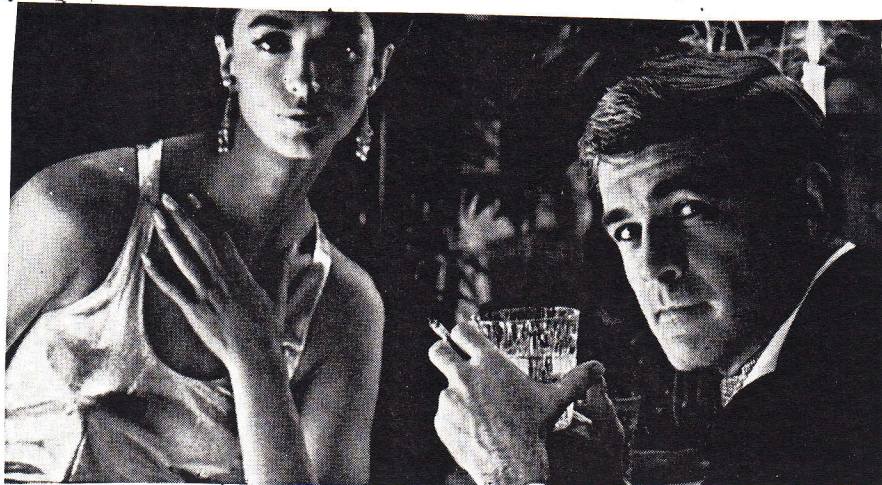
as the object/the abstract

Not to imply that "being watched," alone constitutes any sort of transcendent aesthetic communication, for it does not. Rather, implicit in this demand is that as the dominant cultural architects fix their sights of ordered morality and incestuous economy upon our search for expressed autonomy; we must be prepared, if not outrightly overjoyed by the possibilities of such an attentive audience. In other words, by embracing the diâsterous paranoia communicated by the presence of such a probingly intensified stare, we are free to manipulate the dreadful situation for our own delights. The Art of surveillance is not an exerize in the grotesque, though in cetain extreme circumstances such operations may be deemed necessary, rather the true Surveillance Artist will

observers. Therefore, our Artist will concên herself with the most subtle of subtly. She will come to over-empathize the mundane, banal and absurd; in the hope that the observer will read too deeply into the slightest hand gesture, a well-placed mispronunciation, or accidental paint brush stoke which will lead that particular observer into projected realms of his own pysche that would not have been brought up nor otherwise explored. In effect, by accentuating the least contained within the context of the daily routine in which is hidden the oppression of our ~~see~~ social systems. Under the auspice of surveillance, our Artist communicates more to and about Society than all those other "artists" who've come before. Our Surveillance Artist simply encourages the observer to over-use his imagination, for there exists nothing more dubious

than ominously implicit absurdity. In other words, the Surveillance Artist acts as a mirrored foil by which the Other is actively exposed to the Observer - himself! Surveillance handled correctly could lead those with their fixated gazes, into a suicidal trip through their own repressed paranoia and amassed fears. Herein lies the only valid source of tolerance and good will.

protective measures. Know that this leads to damnation of the Artist, who witnesses the process of social masking from the same frame of the Architects of The Culture (from a position of authority/power). Know that the danger lies in the willingness to place total blame on the individual observed, manifest as expressions of disgust, laughter, or discomfort. Know that to watch these objectified

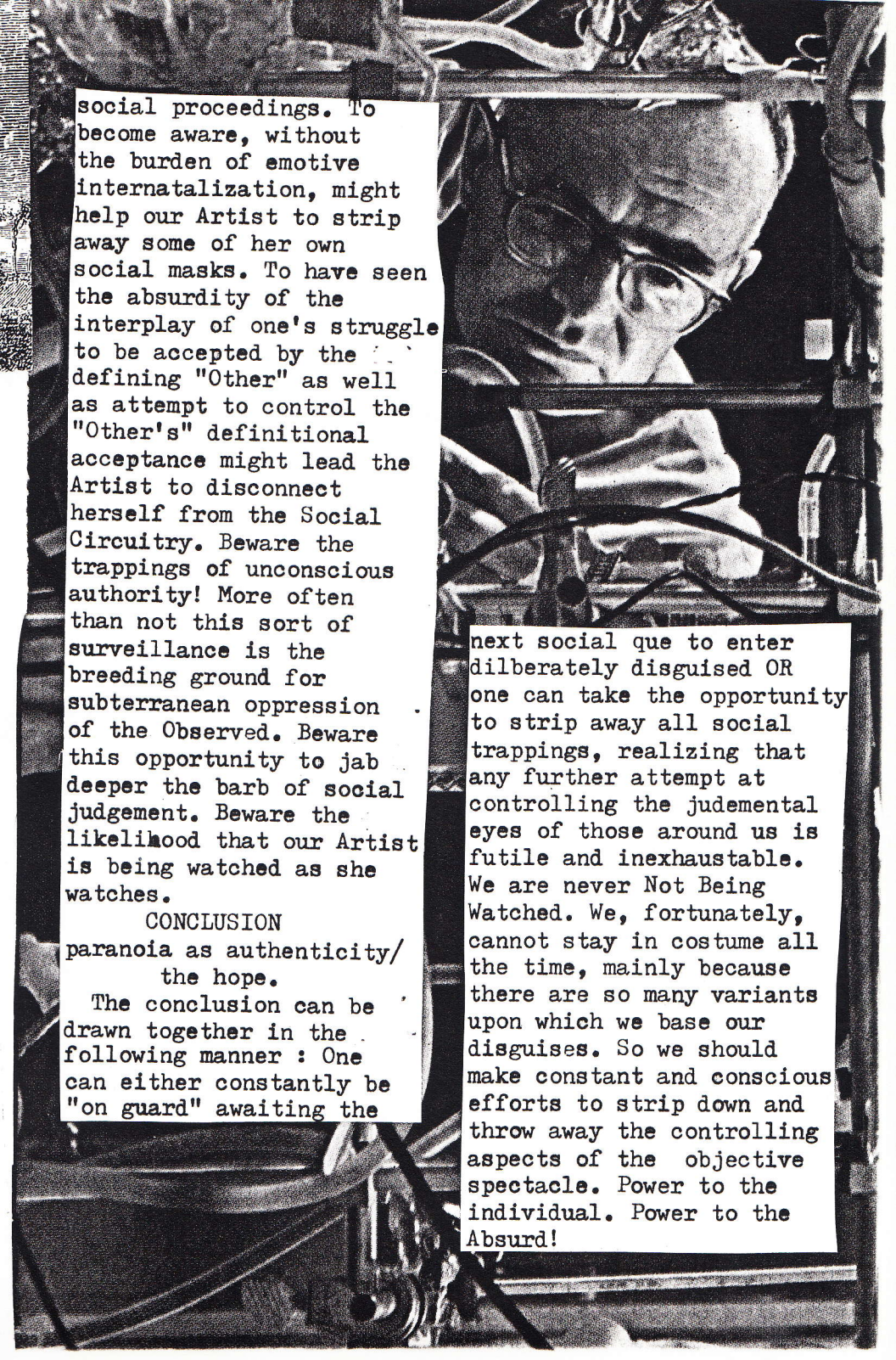


STEP TWO :

as the observer/the concrete.

Know that to watch others without their knowledge is to glimpse into the vast workings of the Social Matrix and the delicate unfolding of the Shroud of the Spectacle. Know that as the Artist watches, her role as "the Other" is intensified, in that she is in fact "monitoring" the placement of the social masks without the Object's full awareness, and thereby stripping them of their

people involved in the complexities of high daily theater, is to look into a mirror. Know that all of society is being reflected there as well. Yet, if the Artist can distance herself from the pressured defense of assigning judgement, to in fact become apathetic to the gross ramifications of her observations, she may be able to gain insight into methods of undermining those same



social proceedings. To become aware, without the burden of emotive internatalization, might help our Artist to strip away some of her own social masks. To have seen the absurdity of the interplay of one's struggle to be accepted by the defining "Other" as well as attempt to control the "Other's" definitional acceptance might lead the Artist to disconnect herself from the Social Circuitry. Beware the trappings of unconscious authority! More often than not this sort of surveillance is the breeding ground for subterranean oppression of the Observed. Beware this opportunity to jab deeper the barb of social judgement. Beware the likelihood that our Artist is being watched as she watches.

CONCLUSION

paranoia as authenticity/
the hope.

The conclusion can be drawn together in the following manner : One can either constantly be "on guard" awaiting the

next social que to enter dilberately disguised OR one can take the opportunity to strip away all social trappings, realizing that any further attempt at controlling the judemental eyes of those around us is futile and inexhaustable. We are never Not Being Watched. We, fortunately, cannot stay in costume all the time, mainly because there are so many variants upon which we base our disguises. So we should make constant and conscious efforts to strip down and throw away the controlling aspects of the objective spectacle. Power to the individual. Power to the Absurd!

A NICE Little LOVE STORY

Her hands slipped under the skin of my abdomen. Her slender fingers tenderly toyed with my innard workings, scraping and caressing with the utmost diligent care. Her enormous brightly dancing eyes dilated the room, the small cell frozen in the amber of her gaze. I love her. She spat glue upon the gloss of the marble floor boards. My mouth exploded, violently gushing out a giser of gitty, bloody vomit. Most of the thick liquid flowed onto my face, flooding my eye sockets and overwhelming my nostrils. I shuddered under the choking reflex as my body fought to breathe in spite of its self-conceived, thrown up deluge. Wisps of her soaring brown hair became imprisoned in the oozing fluid drainage that threatened to drown me. Droplets of the filth flew from my ear lobes and strands of my hanging hair, exploding upon the white marble underneath at regular, natural rhythm. She withdrew tenuously her groping fingers from my darkened depths soaked in a deep vital crimson. Her sharp leathery tongue lapped at the drainage retained on

her skin, for the second time her lips parted and she ~~kiss~~ kissed the smokey air. Finished with the suckeling fingers, her attentions were gathered lower that the abdominal incisions. The lightness of her prancing finger nails as she walked them down my inner right thigh sent another grotesque shockwave of resistance through my system. My head uncontrollably spun up and down, slamming the silver metal surface of the table as well as driving the coarse cow-hide strap deeper into the tender flesh of my neck. Mercifully, she teased only as far as the loosened



tissue strips that hung in a motely confederation of gentle "V"s at the spot where my knee once met my shin. She isolated a partially meaty ribbon of my flesh between two dancing, baby soft fingers, whose groping now consumed her whole being. Her tongue, once again, darted out of her salivating oral cavity issuing with its emergence a thick mist of mucus-laced spittle. Her head jutted down, her long neck exposed in its full bony grandeur. She gently took the isolated ribbon of my flesh between the rows of her polished teeth. Moderately nibbling, yet never fully removing any of the turned out muscle. I watched her proceedings reflected in the large semen stained mirror attached crudely to the overhanging roof. She uttered a slight purr of satisfaction, deeply resonating through the

expanse of the room. One of the phosphate lights exploded into darkness, deadening the room in a slight shadow. Her concentration shattered, her gleaming teeth lunged together, clamping down with a quick snap, slicing through the ribbon of my wounded flesh. I felt as little pain as I did remorse at the loss of yet another bit. Her long features were now hidden under a hauntingly languid shadow. She was transformed by the expression of disgusted surprise, her pleasure interrupted beyond repair, she abandoned me in lue of illumination. I watched her frantic chewing as she absent-mindedly allowed this distraction to amuse her senses. Yes, I love her completely.

the art of seduction

W A N T

C U D

to hear a man say "You make me drip." Basically women r that they're so good in bed they're driving you crazy. So try saying things like "You're the best lover I've ever had." yourself from blurting out "Do you smell something?"

D

LE



